

can be overcome if bright in the heart there burns the unquenchable flame of some great passion, some high faith. Given this fire within, all the tools shall be found, but without it the finest endowment of brain and body is valueless. Given but some great principles, some purpose which becomes a holy passion, something which leads you like one of long ago who "steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem," then all power is yours. The man who has faith to remove mountains always finds the picks and the steam-shovels somewhere. He takes the tools he has, though they may seem but toys beside his task, and, lo, some morning when the dreamers awake the mountain is no longer there!

### LIGHT IN THE SHADOWED HOURS.

Who would be content with an absolutely unheroic life? Yet heroism, for many if not most of us, consists in cheerful endurance, rather than in deliberate venturing upon unknown and dangerous ways. Our training for the needs of new adventure comes from this familiar experience of courageous bearing in the hours of trial. Not to whimper, not to cringe, never to listen to the voice of despair, never to make our burden an addition to the loads of other burdened men, to follow the gleam in darkness, to hold to God in grief, to obey with no reason given when the law is made plain—he who can walk thus through the shadowed way is arming himself for high adventure and great service. Shall we, like visionary children, neglect our present opportunity in looking for one which is higher, grander and better advertised? A lifetime spent in such a futile childishness is not the lifetime of a heroic soul.

The shadowed hours reveal the inward light of courage and of hope. A lighted lamp is little noticed in full daylight, its opportunity comes with the dark. Then how we welcome it and use it for all the purposes of life! There is nothing remarkable in good cheer when the light is shining on the way and all goes well with journeying. The Valley of the Shadow is the true test of our attainment. Until we have known an acquaintance in time of trouble, we cannot be sure of his real worth as a friend. Until we have measured ourselves by the test of the difficult hours, we have no claim to an established character. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And though in a land of peace thou art secure, yet how wilt thou do in the pride of Jordan?"

This is one of the uses of adversity—it is a training ground of character. Not at random, we may be sure, has our Father chosen the time and place of this experience. Why should we ask to have it postponed, claiming a present hour of ease at the cost of grievous future loss? No more serious and urgent question can we ask ourselves than this—Do we desire to be trained by God's methods in his school? If we do, we shall be willing also to pay the price of present self-denial and suffering.

Our sorrows and deprivations are necessary also to the progress of the race. How many of us hold our

places in the world-order as if we were owners in perpetuity instead of tenants at will. We cannot imagine the world without us, although it went on for a long time before we came, and will go on easily enough when we have departed. There is said to be an American man of wealth who refuses to speak or hear the word death. He is like the French king who lived as if he were not only the world's center, but also its eternal occupant. God teaches us the lesson of our own brief tenure in taking from us, one after another, those whom we know and love. With every loss there comes a still, small voice in our hearts, saying, As these were, so also thou shalt be. The withdrawal of the death angel would be the signal for the stagnation of the world. Our strength and consolation are that we are related to the eternal forces and called to heroic lives of duty in God's companionship. There can be no destroying shadow for him whose life is hid with Christ in God.—Congregationalist.

### THE STILL HOUR.

Sometimes at the end of the day, when its cares have sped and the quiet night is around us, how sweet it is to be with Jesus; to be alone with him and to feel at home with him! What a refreshment it is, a well in the desert, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The home feeling is everything. How the cares of life ebb away, and the sorrows of yesterday are as the clouds that swiftly pass, to come no more. We can almost welcome the trials of life, for if they lead to such fellowship, they have been as the dew to Israel. We can tell our dear Savior things we would not care to whisper to another, knowing that in the secret of his tabernacle he will hide us. He will understand where others either cannot or will not. But here, what a refuge! He knows. He will not misunderstand. He will be pitiful and merciful for he remembers that we are dust. His presence is light, as when the night is gone and we raise the blinds and let in the sweet and gentle morning. There is no elsewhere like this, and as one might turn aside where the springs are full and the flowers are in bloom and the birds are singing sweetly, and there is a peace above expression and a fragrance that touches the soul, so here when the day is done there wait the sweet repose and blessing. It is a time when patience comes back, and sympathy, broad as humanity, comes with it. Hatred, with its vulture wings, flies out into the night, and the dove-like presence that hovered above the Nazarene fills all the hour with an ineffable love. With Jesus! Is there any tryst that will stir the best that is in us like that? The day is not half so dull and the night is bereft of its darkness. If there has been a casket in the home, and the dear face within it has looked unresponsive into ours, we can look into the face of Jesus and understand that it is well. The night shall be as the morning. The grave becomes the portal of the Savior's happy home and the grief of the rent heart is turned to the sweetness of the holiest hope. We are very near to heaven and the coming glory when we are alone with Jesus.—United Presbyterian.